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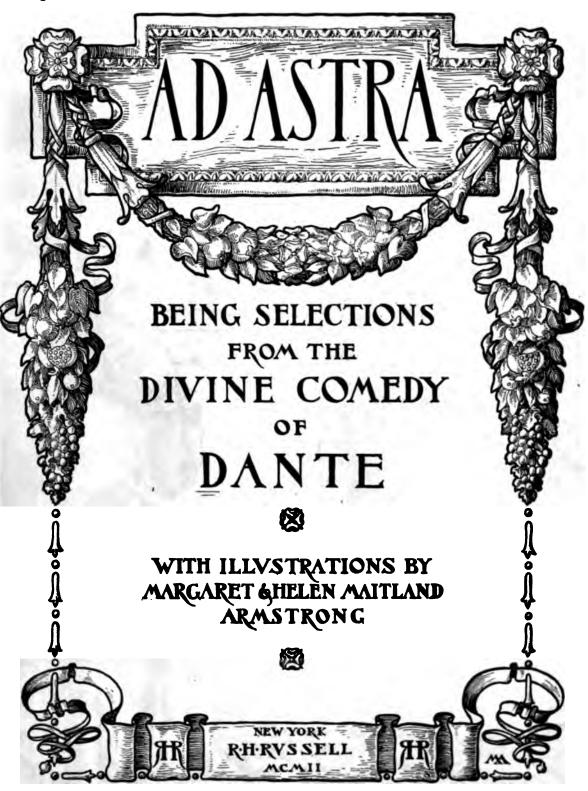


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"IT·SEEMED·TO·ME·THEN·THAT·I·SAW·ALL
THE·BOVNDS·OF·BLISS"—VITA·NVOVA











FROM INFERNO

THE FOREST OF LIFE

THE GATE OF HELL

THE NOBLE CASTLE OF PHILOSOPHY

FRANCESCA AND PAOLO

FORTUNE

THE CITY OF UNBELIEF

THE ANGEL AT THE GATE OF DIS

THE HARPIES' WOOD

CRETE

IN THE ARSENAL

THE PHŒNIX

THE FATE OF ULYSSES

THE RETURN TO EARTH

PURGATORIO

THE SHORES OF PURGATORY

THE CELESTIAL PILOT

MANFREDI

SORDELLO

THE HAPPY VALLEY

EVENING

THE GUARDIANS OF THE VALLEY

THE THREE STEPS OF CONTRITION,

PENANCE, AND ABSOLUTION

THE SCULPTURES ON THE WALL

PATER NOSTER

VANA GLORIA

THE ANGEL OF PEACE

THE SMOKY LAND

THE NEW-MADE SOUL

STATIUS

THE NIGHT'S REST

ACTION AND CONTEMPLATION

VIRGIL'S FAREWELL

THE RIVER OF REGENERATION

THE LADY OF THE FLOWERS

THE PROCESSION OF THE CHURCH

TRIUMPHANT

BEATRICE

PARADISO

THE ASCENT TO PARADISE ROSA ROSARUM
PICARDA THE HOLY CITY

SELF-CONFIDENCE

THE WHITE ROSE OF PARADISE
ANCIENT FLORENCE

BEATRICE'S FAREWELL

THE PROPHECY OF DANTE'S EXILE GABRIEL
VERA FIDES AVE MARIA

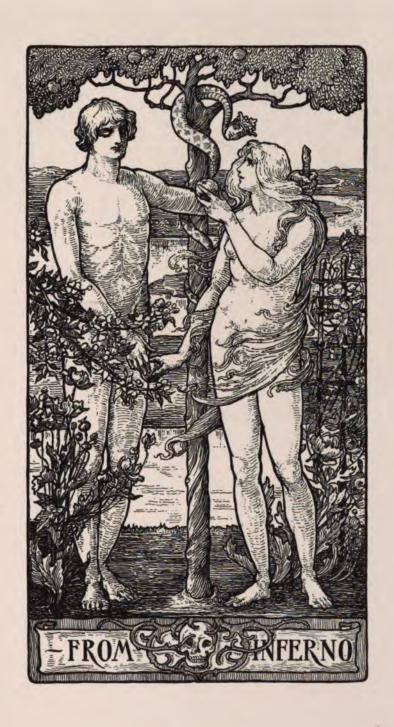
THE PLANETS THE BEATIFIC VISION

THE GOLDEN STAIRWAY

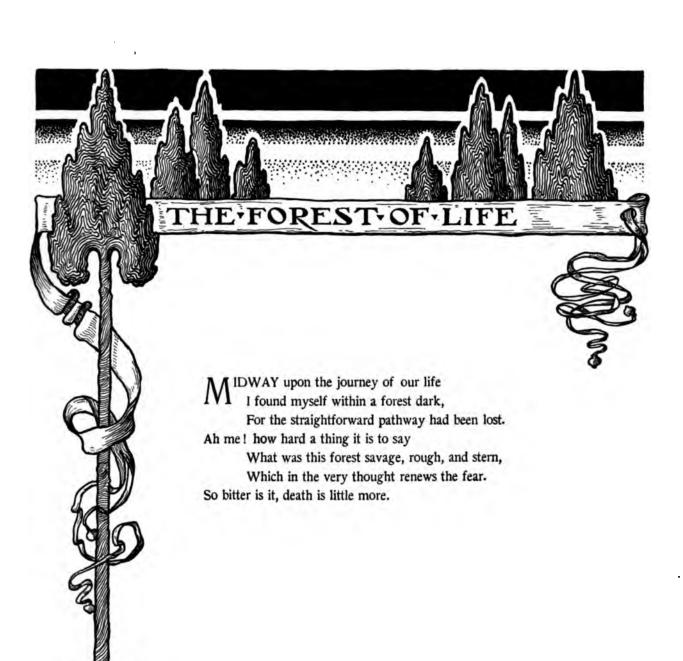




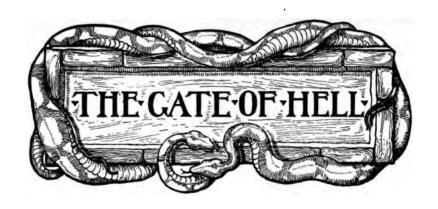




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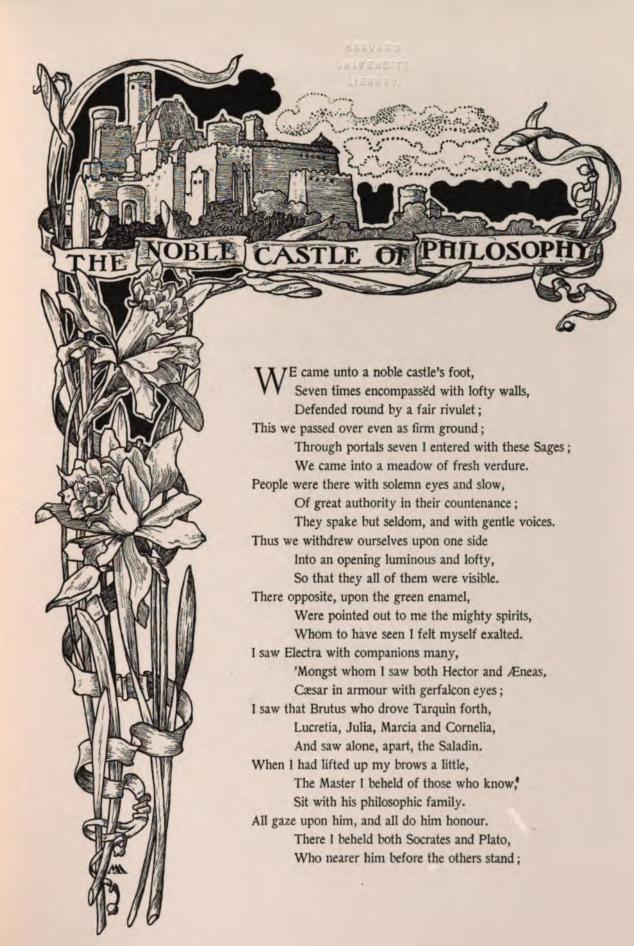
"THROUGH me the way is to the city dolent;
Through me the way is to eternal dole;
Through me the way among the people lost.

Justice incited my sublime Creator;
Created me divine Omnipotence,
The highest Wisdom and the primal Love.

Before me there were no created things,
Only eterne, and 1 eternal last.
All hope abandon, ye who enter in!"

These words in sombre colour 1 beheld
Written upon the summit of a gate.

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I cannot all of them portray in full,

Because so drives me onward the long theme,

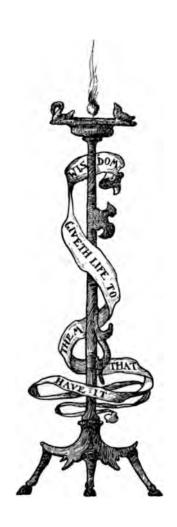
That many times the word comes short of fact.

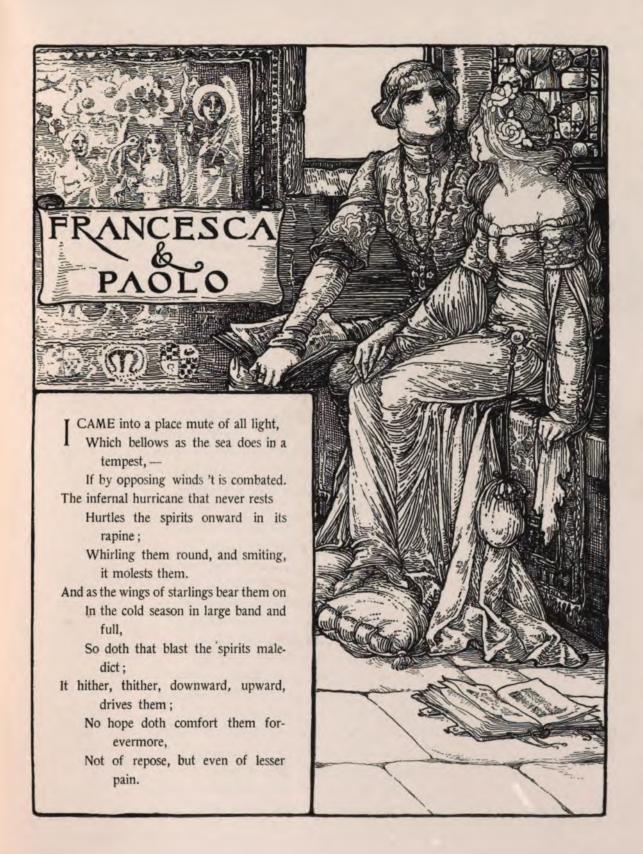
The sixfold company in two divides;

Another way my sapient Guide conducts me

Forth from the quiet to the air that trembles;

And to a place I come where nothing shines.





And as the cranes go chanting forth their lays,
Making in air a long line of themselves,
So saw 1 coming, uttering lamentations,
Shadows borne onward by the aforesaid stress.

VCH BLISS

Helen I saw, for whom so many ruthless
Seasons revolved; and saw the great Achilles,
Who at the last hour combated with Love.

Paris I saw, Tristan; and more than a thousand
Shades did he name and point out with his finge
Whom Love had separated from our life.

After that I had listened to my Teacher,
Naming the dames of eld and cavaliers,

Pity prevailed, and I was nigh bewildered.

And I began: "O Poet, willingly

Speak would I to those two, who go together,

And seem upon the wind to be so light."

And he to me: "Thou 'It mark, when they shall be

Nearer to us; and then do thou implore them

By love which leadeth them, and they will come."

Soon as the wind in our direction sways them,

My voice uplift I: "O ye weary souls!

Come speak to us, if no one interdicts it."

As turtle-doves, called onward by desire,

With open and steady wings to the sweet nest

Fly through the air by their volition borne,

So came they from the band where Dido is.

Fly through the air by their volition borne,
So came they from the band where Dido is,
Approaching us athwart the air malign,
So strong was the affectionate appeal.
"O living creature gracious and benignant,
Who visiting goest through the purple air,
Us, who have stained the world incarnadine,

If were the King of the Universe our friend,
We would pray unto Him to give thee peace,
Since thou hast pity on our woe perverse.

Of what it pleases thee to hear or speak,

That will we hear, and we will speak to you,

While silent is the wind, as it is now.

Sitteth the city, wherein I was born,

Upon the sea-shore where the Po descends

To rest in peace with all his retinue.

Love, that on gentle heart doth swiftly seize,

Seized this man for the person beautiful

That was ta'en from me, and still the mode offends me.

Love, that exempts no one beloved from loving,

Seized me with pleasure of this man so strongly,

That, as thou seest, it doth not yet desert me;

Love has conducted us unto one death;

Caīna waiteth him who quenched our life!"

These words were borne along from them to us.

As soon as I had heard those souls tormented,

I bowed my face, and so long held it down

Until the Poet said to me: "What thinkest?"

When I made answer, I began: "Alas!

How many pleasant thoughts, how much desire,

Conducted these unto the dolorous pass."

Then unto them I turned me, and I spake,

And I began: "Thine agonies, Francesca,

Sad and compassionate to weeping make me.

But tell me, at the time of those sweet sighs,

By what and in what manner Love conceded,

That you should know your dubious desires?"

And she to me: "There is no greater sorrow

Than to be mindful of the happy time

In misery, and that thy Teacher knows.

But, if to recognise the earliest root

Of love in us thou hast so great desire,

I will do even as he who weeps and speaks.

One day we reading were for our delight

Of Launcelot, how Love did him enthrall.

Alone we were and without any fear.

Full many a time our eyes together drew

That reading, and drove the colour from our faces;

But one point only was it that o'ercame us.

Whenas we read of the much-longed-for smile

Being by such a noble lover kissed,

This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided,

Kissed me upon the mouth all palpitating.

Galeotto was the book and he who wrote it.

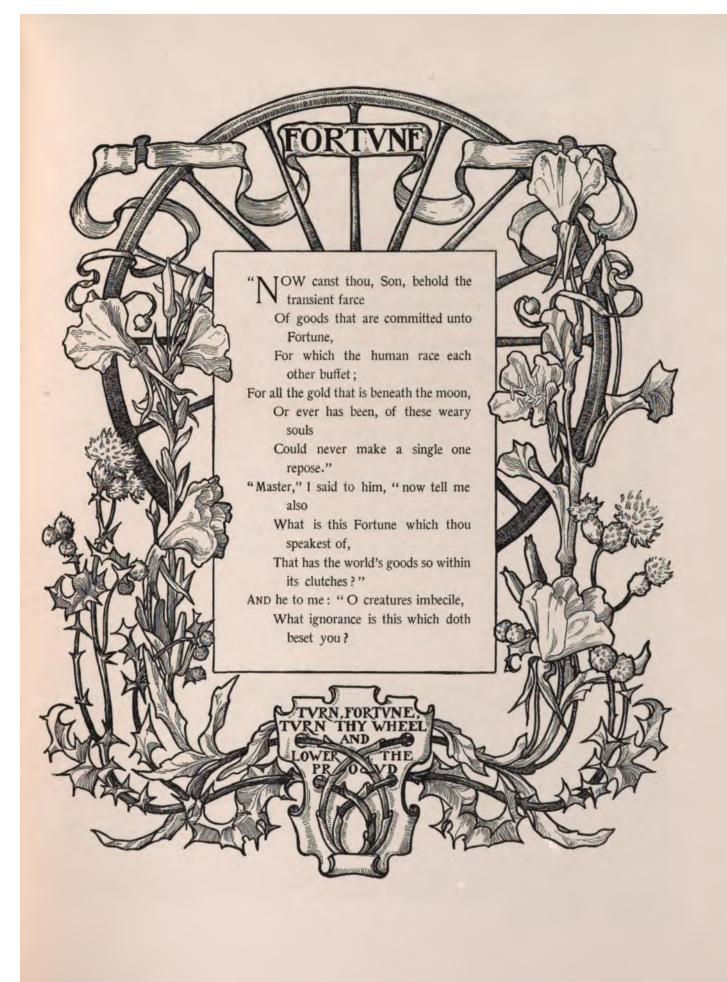
That day no farther did we read therein."

And all the while one spirit uttered this,

The other one did weep so, that, for pity,
I swooned away as if I had been dying,

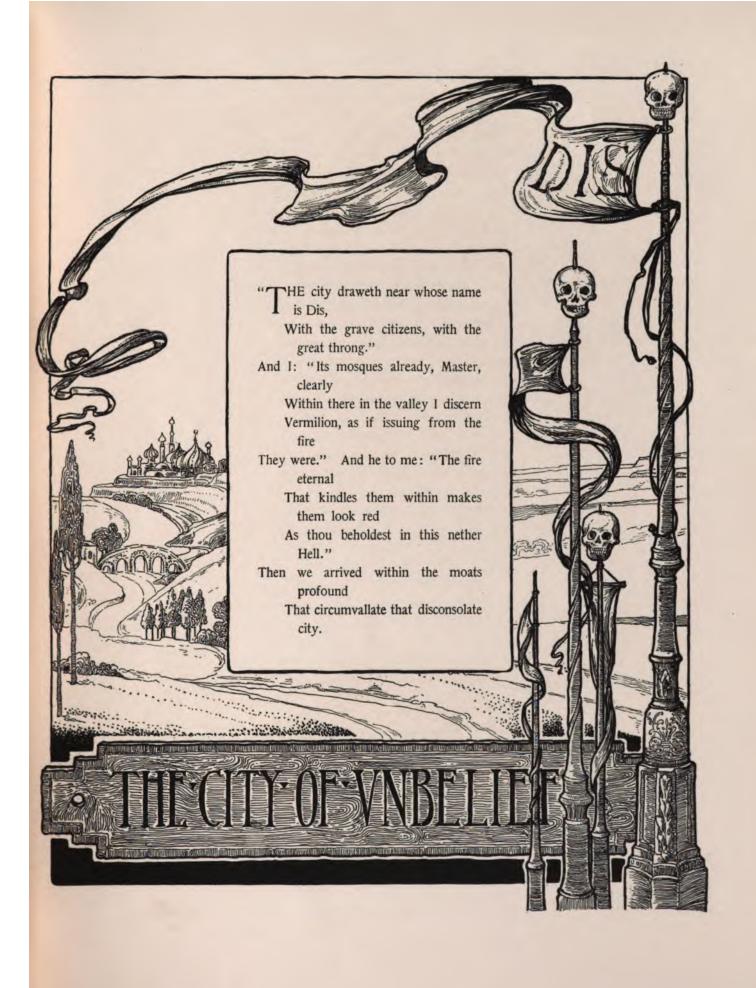
And fell, even as a dead body falls.



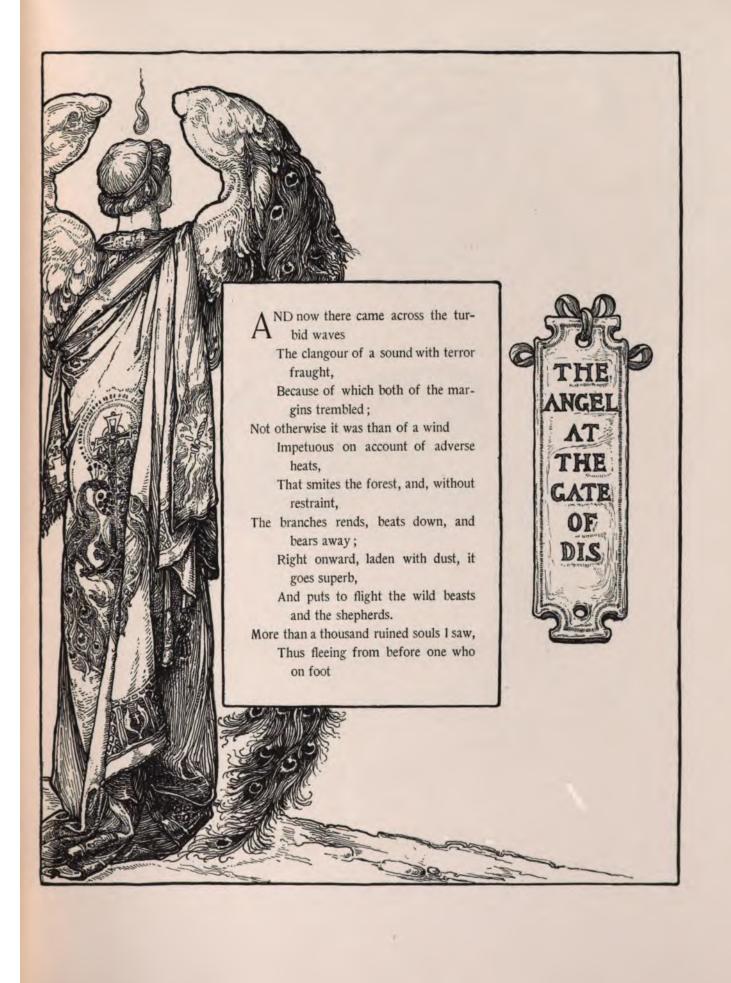


Now will I have thee learn my judgment of her. He whose omniscience everything transcends The heavens created, and gave who should guide them, That every part to every part may shine, Distributing the light in equal measure; He in like manner to the mundane splendours Ordained a general ministress and guide, That she might change at times the empty treasures From race to race, from one blood to another, Beyond resistance of all human wisdom. Therefore one people triumphs, and another Languishes, in pursuance of her judgment, Which hidden is, as in the grass a serpent. Your knowledge has no counterstand against her; She makes provision, judges, and pursues Her governance, as theirs the other gods. Her permutations have not any truce; Necessity makes her precipitate, So often cometh who his turn obtains. And this is she who is so crucified Even by those who ought to give her praise, Giving her blame amiss, and bad repute. But she is blissful, and she hears it not; Among the other primal creatures gladsome She turns her sphere, and blissful she rejoices.'





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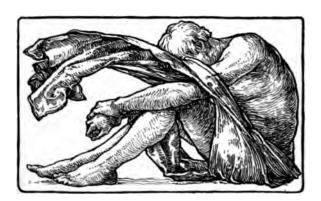
Was passing o'er the Styx with soles unwet.

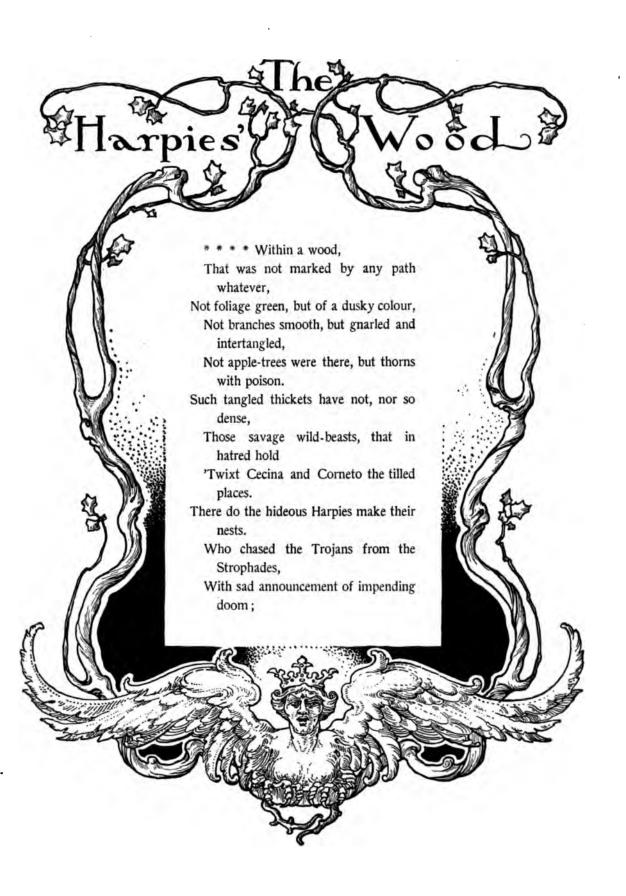
From off his face he fanned that unctuous air,
Waving his left hand oft in front of him,
And only with that anguish seemed he weary.

Well I perceived one sent from Heaven was he,
And to the Master turned; and he made sign
That I should quiet stand, and bow before him

Ah! how disdainful he appeared to me!
He reached the gate, and with a little rod
He opened it, for there was no resistance.

Then he returned along the miry road,
And spake no word to us, but had the look
Of one whom other care constrains and goads.

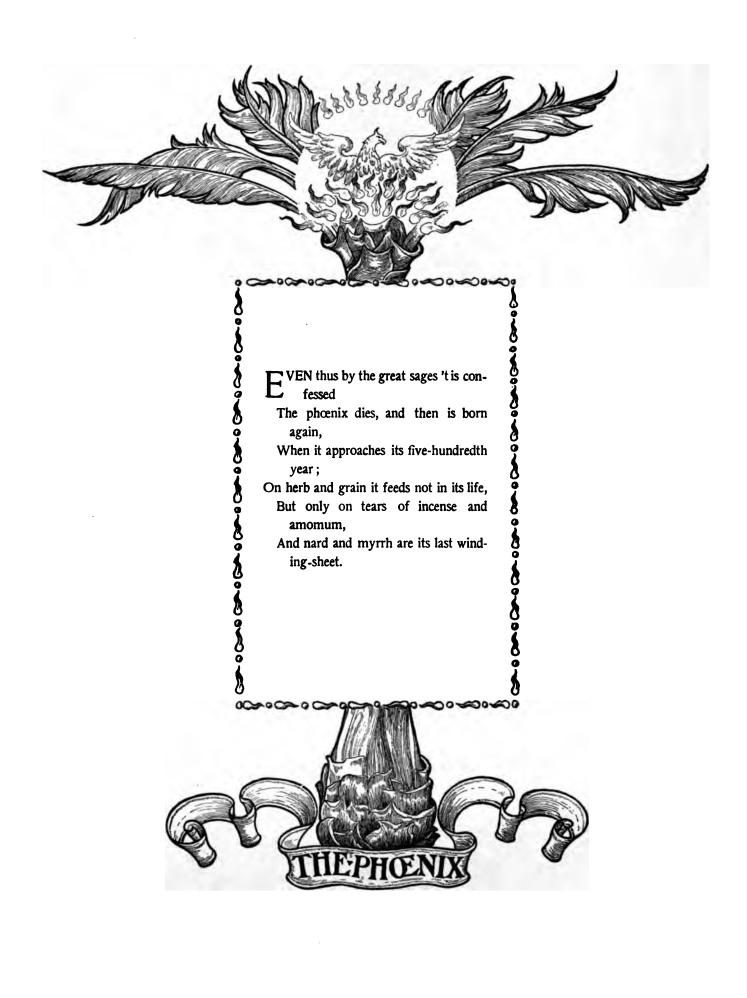




Broad wings have they, and necks and faces human, And feet with claws, and their great bellies fledged; They make lament upon the wondrous trees. I heard on all sides lamentations uttered, And person none beheld I who might make them, Whence, utterly bewildered, I stood still. I think he thought that I perhaps might think So many voices issued through those trunks From people who concealed themselves for us; Therefore the Master said: "If thou break off Some little spray from any of these trees, The thoughts thou hast will wholly be made vain." Then stretched I forth my hand a little forward, And plucked a branchlet off from a great thorn; And the trunk cried: "Why dost thou mangle me?" After it had become embrowned with blood, It recommenced its cry: "Why dost thou rend me? Hast thou no spirit of pity whatsoever? Men once we were, and now are changed to trees."

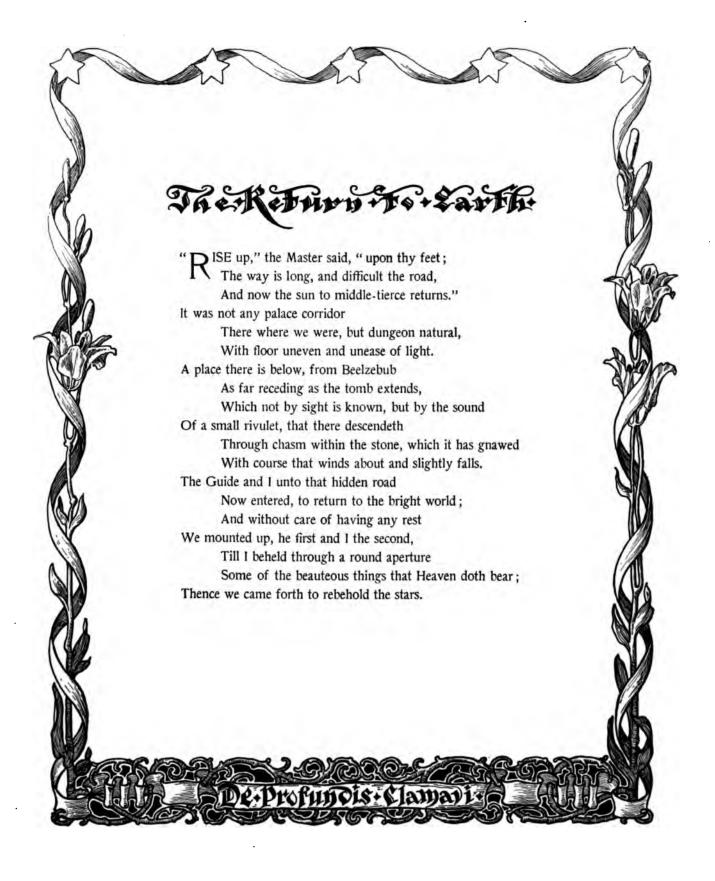






'O brothers, who amid a hundred thousand Perils,' I said, 'have come unto the West, To this so inconsiderable vigil Which is remaining of your senses still, Be ye unwilling to deny the knowledge, Following the sun, of the unpeopled world. Consider ye the seed from which ye sprang; Ye were not made to live like unto brutes, But for pursuit of virtue and of knowledge.' So eager did I render my companions, With this brief exhortation, for the voyage, That then I hardly could have held them back. And having turned our stern unto the morning, We of the oars made wings for our mad flight, Evermore gaining on the larboard side. Already all the stars of the other pole The night beheld, and ours so very low It did not rise above the ocean floor. Five times rekindled and as many quenched Had been the splendour underneath the moon, Since we had entered into the deep pass, When there appeared to us a mountain, dim From distance, and it seemed to me so high As I had never any one beheld. Joyful were we, and soon it turned to weeping; For out of the new land a whirlwind rose, And smote upon the fore part of the ship. Three times it made her whirl with all the waters, At the fourth time it made the stern uplift, And the prow downward go, as pleased Another, Until the sea above us closed again."

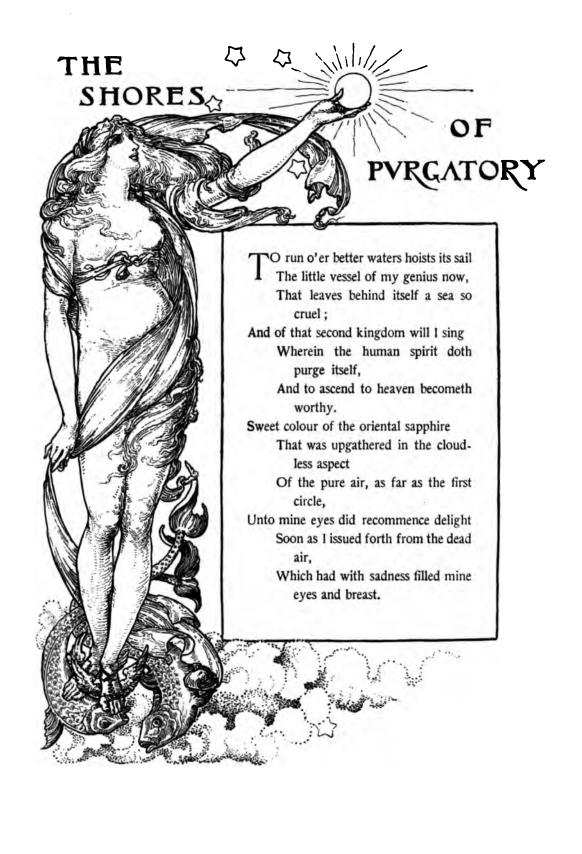








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The beauteous planet that to love incites

Was making all the orient to laugh,

Veiling the Fishes that were in her escort.

To the right hand I turned and fixed my mind

Upon the other pole, and saw four stars

Ne'er seen before save by the primal people.

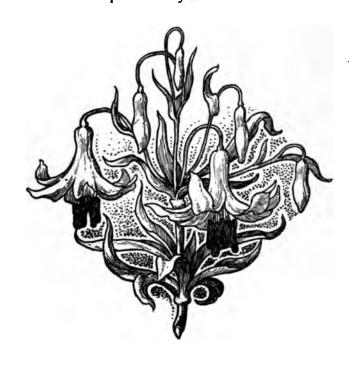
The dawn was vanquishing the matin hour

Which fled before it, so that from afar

I recognised the trembling of the sea.



Little by little there came forth another. My master yet had uttered not a word While the first whiteness into wings unfolded; But when he clearly recognised the pilot, He cried: "Make haste, make haste, to bow the knee! Behold the Angel of God! fold thou thy hands! Henceforward shalt thou see such officers! See how he scorneth human arguments, So that nor oar he wants, nor other sail Than his own wings, between so distant shores. See how he holds them pointed up to heaven, Fanning the air with those eternal pinions, That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!" Then as still nearer and more near us came The Bird Divine, more radiant he appeared, So that near by the eye could not endure him, But down I cast it; and he came to shore With a small vessel, very swift and light, So that the water swallowed naught thereof. Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot; Beatitude seemed written in his face, And more than a hundred spirits sat within. "In exitu Israel de Ægypto!" They chanted all together in one voice, With whatso in that psalm is after written. Then made he sign of holy rood upon them, Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore, And he departed swiftly as he came.

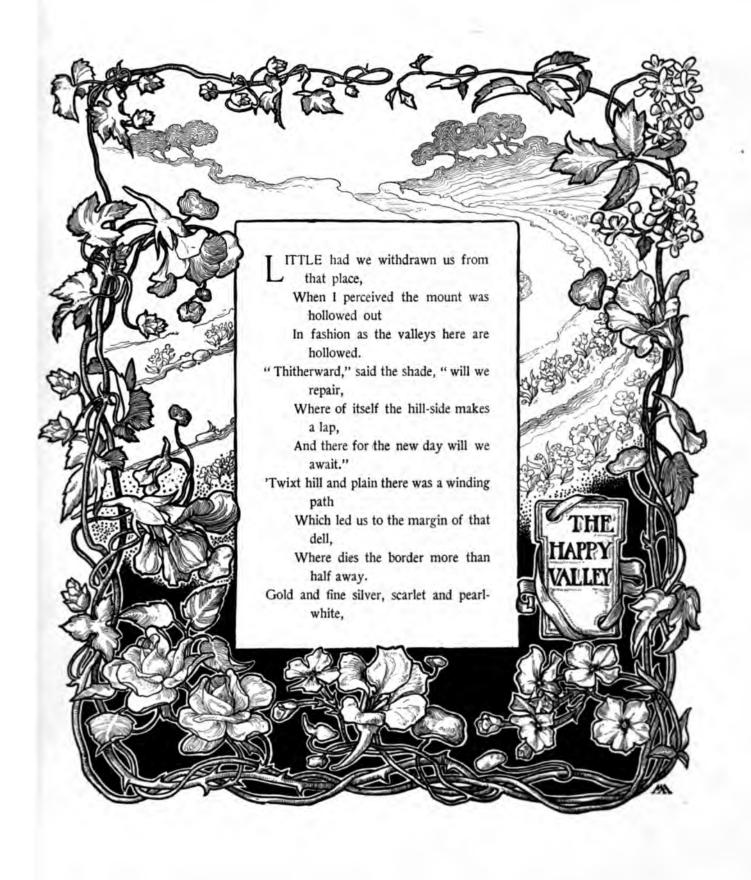




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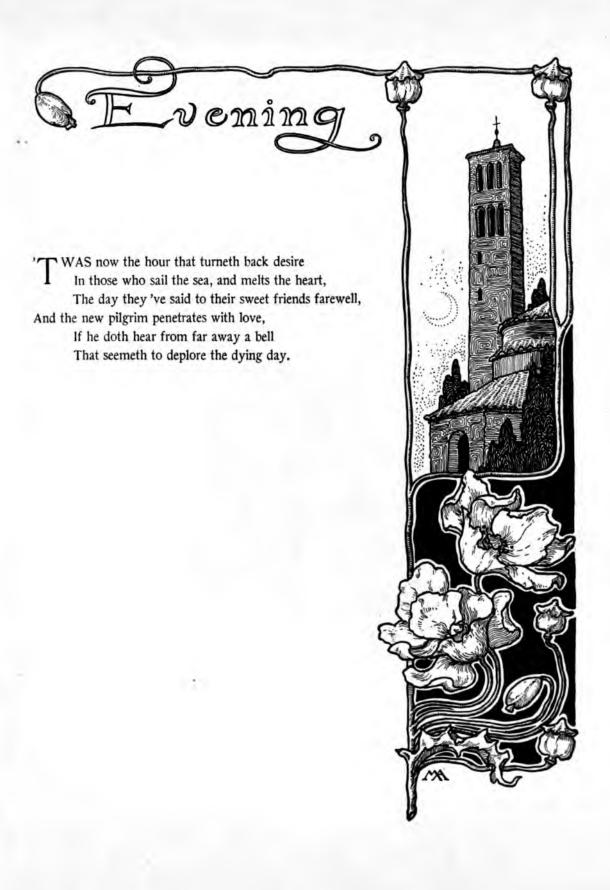
The Indian wood resplendent and serene,
Fresh emerald the moment it is broken

By herbage and by flowers within that hollow
Planted, each one in colour would be vanquished,
As by its greater vanquished is the less.

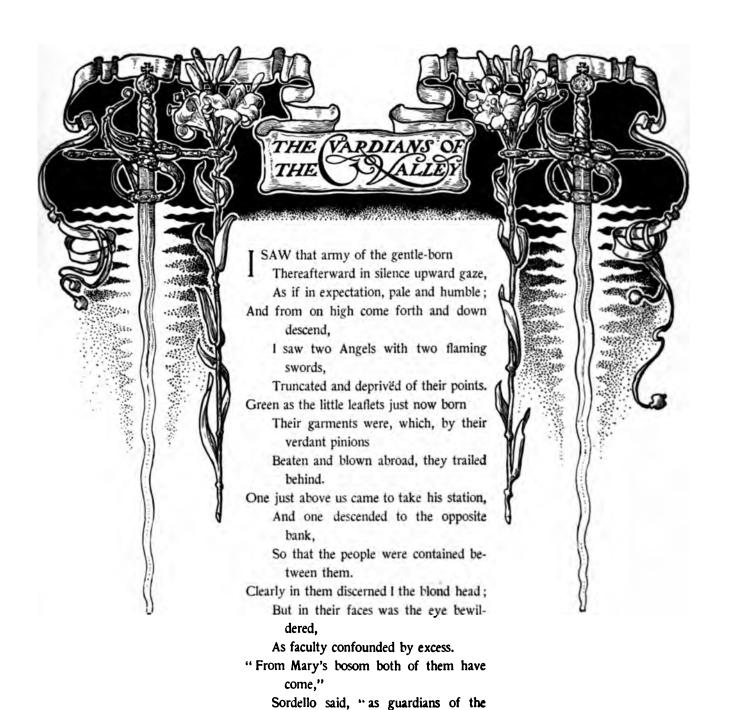
Nor in that place had nature painted only,
But of the sweetness of a thousand odours
Made there a mingled fragrance and unknown.

"Salve Regina," on the green and flowers
There seated, singing, spirits I beheld,
Which were not visible outside the valley.

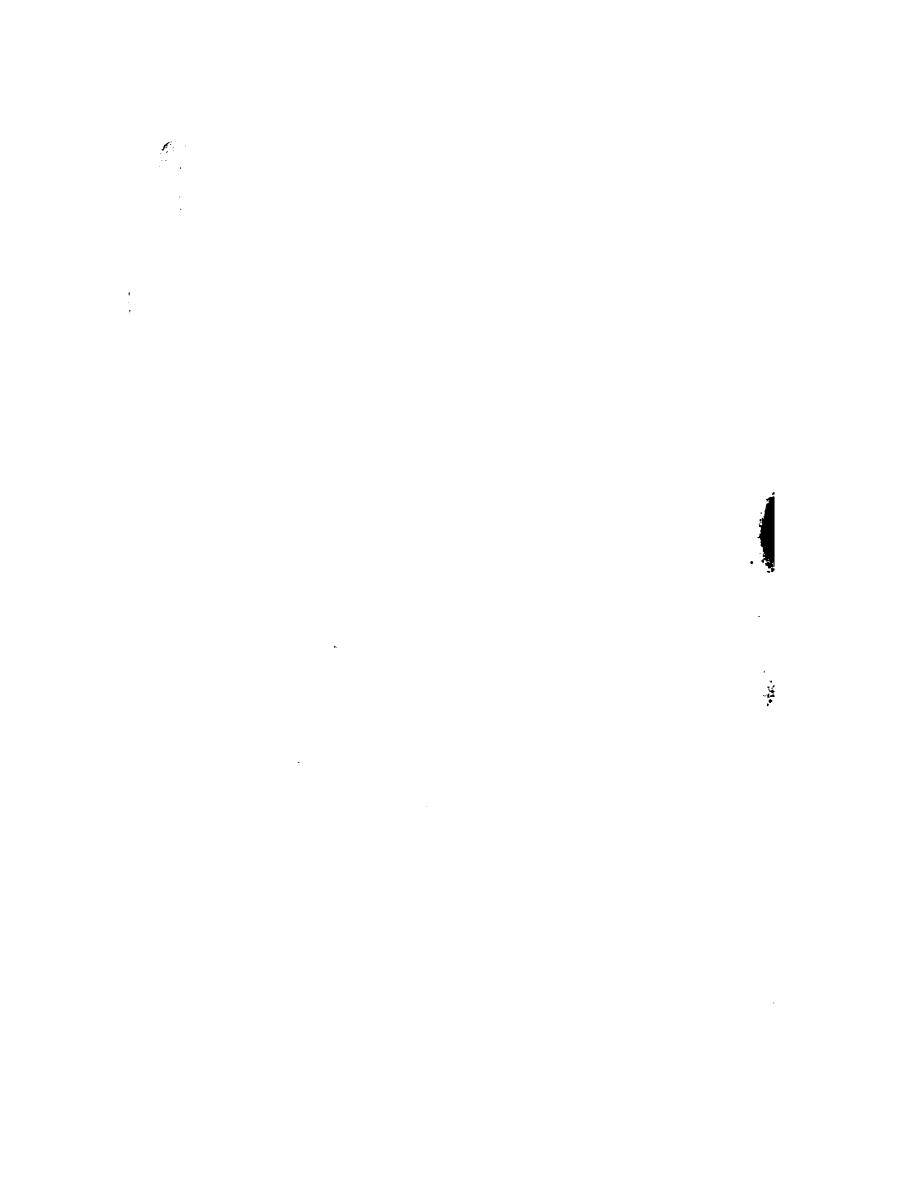


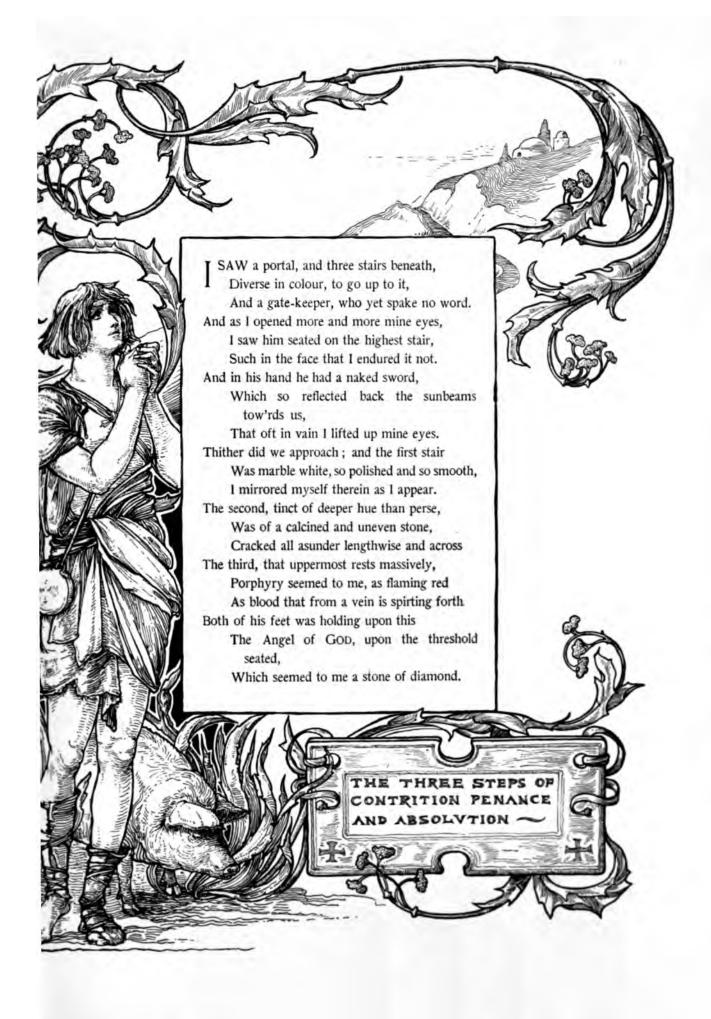


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valley."

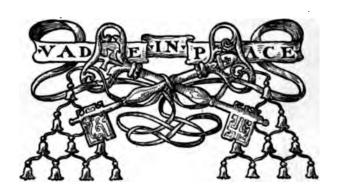


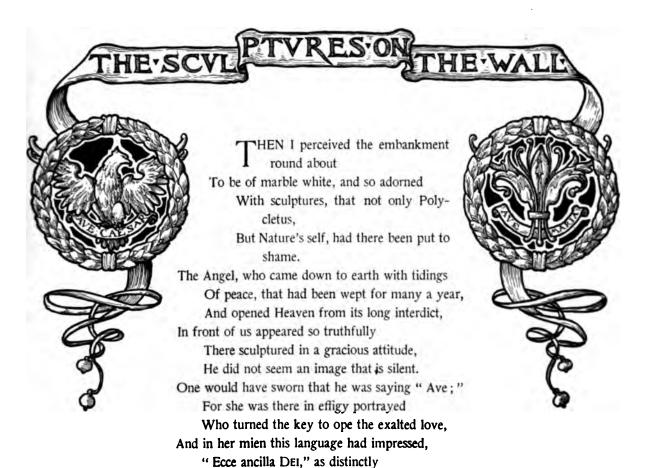


Along the three stairs upward with good will
Did my Conductor draw me saying: "Ask
Humbly that he the fastening may undo."
Devoutly at the holy feet I cast me,
For mercy's sake besought that he would open,
But first upon my breast three times I smote.

And when upon their hinges were turned round
The swivels of that consecrated gate,
Which are of metal, massive and sonorous,
At the first thunder-peal I turned attentive,
And "Te Deum laudamus" seemed to hear
In voices mingled with sweet melody.

Exactly such an image rendered me
That which I heard, as we are wont to catch,
When people singing with the organ stand;
For now we hear, and now hear not, the words.





I moved my feet from where I had been standing, To examine near at hand another story, Which after Michal glimmered white upon me.

There the high glory of the Roman Prince
Was chronicled, whose great beneficence
Moved Gregory to his great victory;

As any figure stamps itself in wax.

'T is of the Emperor Trajan I am speaking; And a poor widow at his bridle stood, In attitude of weeping and of grief.

Around about him seemed it thronged and full

Of cavaliers, and the eagles in the gold

Above them visibly in the wind were moving.

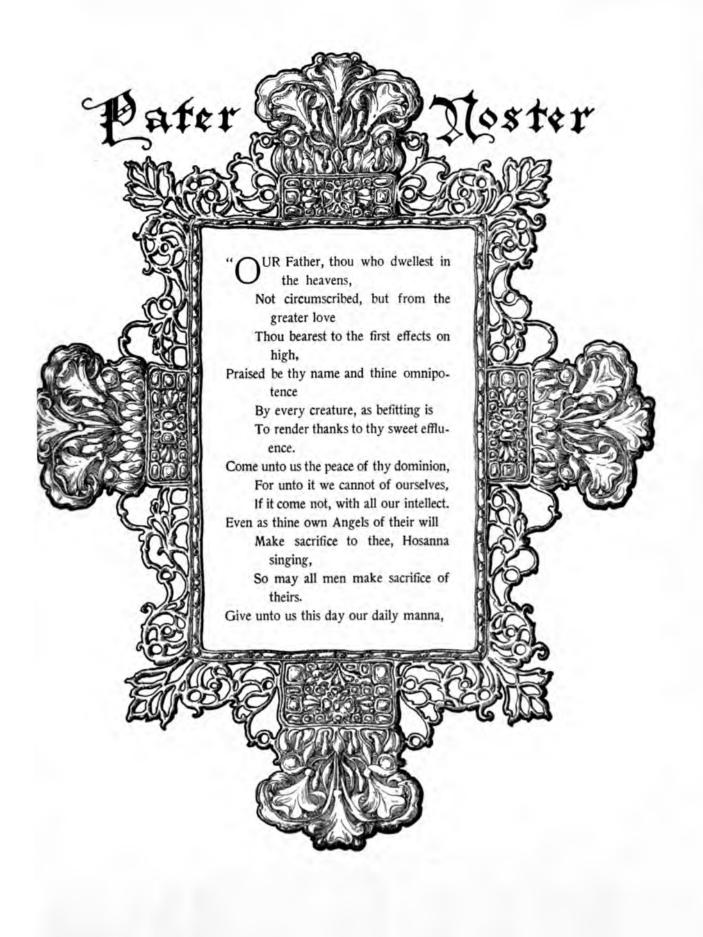
The wretched woman in the midst of these Seemed to be saying: "Give me vengeance, Lord, For my dead son, for whom my heart is breaking."

And he to answer her: "Now wait until I shall return." And she: "My Lord," like one In whom grief is impatient, "shouldst thou not Whoe'er of pencil master was or stile,

That could portray the shades and traits which there
Would cause each subtile genius to admire?

Dead seemed the dead; the living seemed alive!





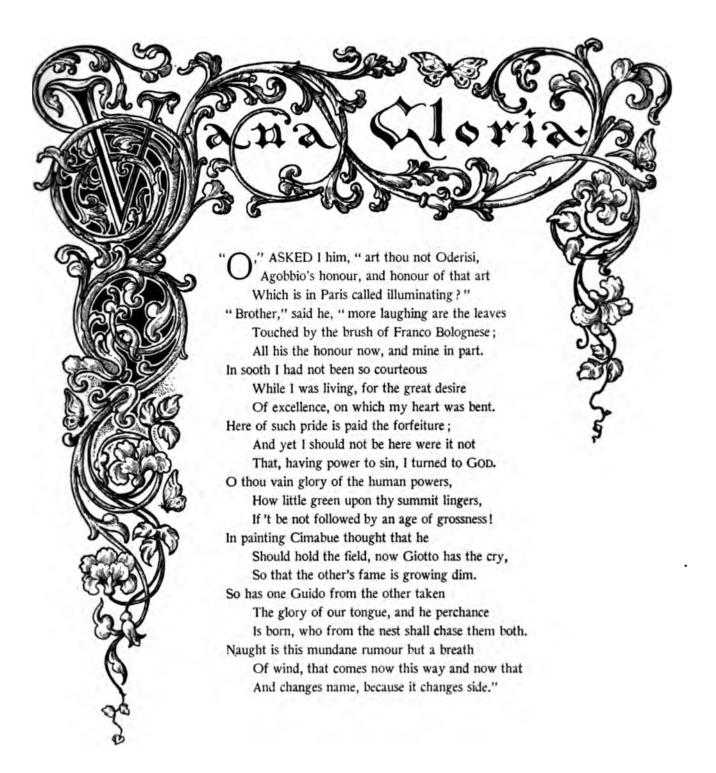
Withouten which in this rough wilderness
Backward goes he who toils most to advance.

And even as we the trespass we have suffered
Pardon in one another, pardon thou
Benignly, and regard not our desert.

Our virtue, which is easily o'ercome,
Put not to proof with the old Adversary,
But thou from him who spurs it so, deliver.

This last petition verily, dear Lord,
Not for ourselves is made, who need it not,
But for their sake who have remained behind us."





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And thy imagination will be swift
In coming to perceive how 1 re-saw
The sun at first, that was already setting.
Thus, to the faithful footsteps of my Master
Mating mine own, 1 issued from that cloud
To rays already dead on the low shores.





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"IN days when the good Titus, with the aid Of the supremest King, avenged the wounds Whence issued forth the blood by Judas sold, Under the name that most endures and honours, Was I on earth," that spirit made reply, "Greatly renowned, but not with faith as yet. My vocal spirit was so sweet that Rome Me, a Thoulousian, drew unto herself, Where I deserved to deck my brows with myrtle. Statius the people name me still on earth; 1 sang of Thebes, and then of great Achilles; But on the way fell with my second burden. The seeds unto my ardour were the sparks Of that celestial flame which heated me, Whereby more than a thousand have been fired; Of the Æneid speak I, which to me A mother was, and was my nurse in song; Without this weighed I not a drachma's weight. And to have lived upon the earth what time Virgilius lived, I would accept one sun

More than I must ere issuing from my ban."

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HENCE was the day departing,
When the glad Angel of God
appeared to us.

"Venite, benedicti Patris mei,"

Sounded within a splendour, which was there

Such it o'ercame me, and I could not look.

"The sun departs," it added, "and night cometh;

Tarry ye not, but onward urge your steps,

So long as yet the west becomes not dark."

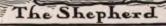
Straight forward through the rock the path ascended

In such a way that I cut off the rays

Before me of the sun that now was low.

And of few stairs we yet had made assay





Ere by the vanquished shadow the sun's setting Behind us we perceived, I and my Sages. And ere in all its parts immeasurable The horizon of one aspect had become, And Night her boundless dispensation held, Each of us of a stair had made his bed; Because the nature of the mount took from us The power of climbing, more than the delight. Even as in ruminating passive grow The goats who have been swift and venturesome Upon the mountain-tops ere they were fed, Hushed in the shadow, while the sun is hot, Watched by the herdsman, who upon his staff Is leaning, and in leaning tendeth them; And as the shepherd, lodging out of doors, Passes the night beside his quiet flock, Watching that no wild beast may scatter it, Such at that hour were we, all three of us, I like the goat, and like the herdsman they, Begirt on this side and on that by rocks. Little could there be seen of things without; But through that little I beheld the stars.







Which of itself alone this land produces.

Until rejoicing come the beauteous eyes

Which weeping caused me to come unto thee,

Thou canst sit down and thou canst walk among them.

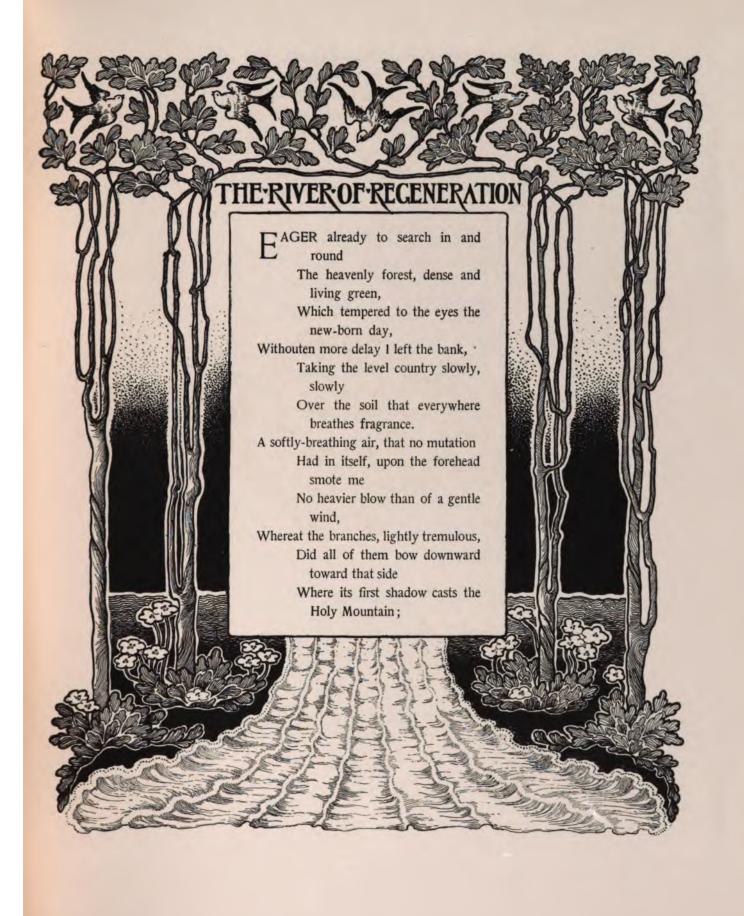
Expect no more or word or sign from me;

Free and upright and sound is thy free-will,

And error were it not to do its bidding;

Thee o'er thyself I therefore crown and mitre!"





Yet not from their upright direction swayed,
So that the little birds upon their tops
Should leave the practice of each art of theirs;
But with full ravishment the hour of prime,
Singing, received they in the midst of leaves;
That ever bore a burden to their rhymes,
Such as from branch to branch goes gathering on
Through the pine forest on the shores of Chiassi,
When Eolus unlooses the Sirocco.
Already my slow steps had carried me

Already my slow steps had carried me Into the ancient wood so far, that I Could not perceive where I had entered it.

And, lo! my further course a stream cut off,
Which tow'rd the left hand with its little waves
Bent down the grass that on its margin sprang.

All waters that on earth most limpid are

Would seem to have within themselves some mixture

Compared with that which nothing doth conceal,

Although it moves on with a brown, brown current, Under the shade perpetual, that never Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

From the most holy water I returned

Regenerate, in the manner of new trees

That are renewed with a new foliage,

Pure and disposed to mount unto the stars.





On the vermilion and the yellow flowerets, She turned towards me, not in other wise Than maiden who her modest eyes casts down; And my entreaties made to be content, So near approaching, that the dulcet sound Came unto me together with its meaning. As soon as she was where the grasses are Bathed by the waters of the beauteous river To lift her eyes she granted me the boon. I do not think there shone so great a light Under the lids of Venus, when transfixed By her own son, beyond his usual custom! Erect upon the other bank she smiled, Bearing full many colours in her hands, Which that high land produces without seed. * * * * * * * * * *

And even as Nymphs, that wandered all alone Among the sylvan shadows, sedulous One to avoid and one to see the sun, She then against the stream moved onward, going Along the bank and I abreast of her, Her little steps with little steps attending Between her steps and mine were not a hundred, When equally the margins gave a turn In such a way, that to the East I faced. Nor even thus our way continued far Before the lady wholly turned herself Unto me, saying, "Brother, look and listen!" And, lo! a sudden lustre ran across On every side athwart the spacious forest, Such that it made me doubt if it were lightning. But since the lightning ceases as it comes, And that continuing brightened more and more, Within my thoughts I said, "What thing is this?" And a delicious melody there ran Along the luminous air.





And in the voices of the song "Hosanna!"

Above them flamed the harness beautiful,

Far brighter than the moon in the serene
Of midnight, at the middle of her month.

I turned me round, with admiration filled,

To good Virgilius, and he answered me
With visage no less full of wonderment.

Then back I turned my face to those high things,

Which moved themselves towards us so sedately,
They had been distanced by new-wedded brides.

Then saw I people, as behind their leaders,

Coming behind them, garmented in white,
And such a whiteness never was on earth.

And I beheld the flamelets onward go,

Leaving behind themselves the air depicted,

And they of trailing pennons had the semblance,

So that it overhead remained distinct

With sevenfold lists, all of them of the colours Whence the sun's bow is made, and Delia's girdle.

These standards to the rearward longer were

Than was my sight; and, as it seemed to me,

Ten paces were the outermost apart.

Under so fair a heaven as I describe

The four and twenty Elders, two by two,

Came on incoronate with flower-de-luce.

They all of them were singing: "Blessed thou

Among the daughters of Adam art, and blessed
Forevermore shall be thy loveliness."

After the flowers and other tender grasses
In front of me upon the other margin
Were disencumbered of that race elect,

Even as in heaven star followeth after star,

There came close after them four animals,
Incoronate each one with verdant leaf.

Plumed with six wings was every one of them,

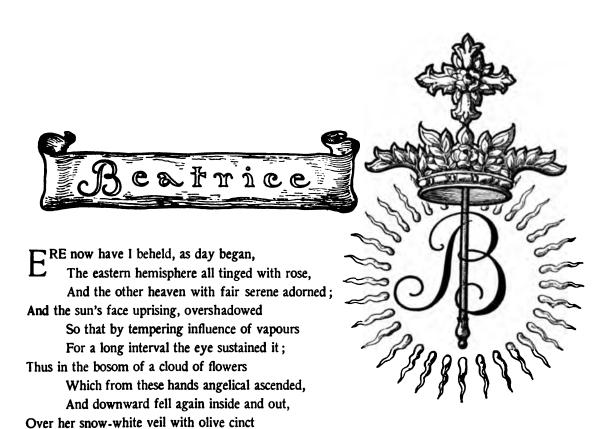
The plumage full of eyes; the eyes of Argus
If they were living would be such as these.

Reader! to trace their forms no more I waste

My rhymes; for other spendings press me so,

That I in this cannot be prodigal.





Appeared a lady under a green mantle,
Vested in colour of the living flame.

And my own spirit, that already now
So long a time had been, that in her presence
Trembling with awe it had not stood abashed,
Without more knowledge having by mine eyes,
Through occult virtue that from her proceeded
Of ancient love the mighty influence felt.

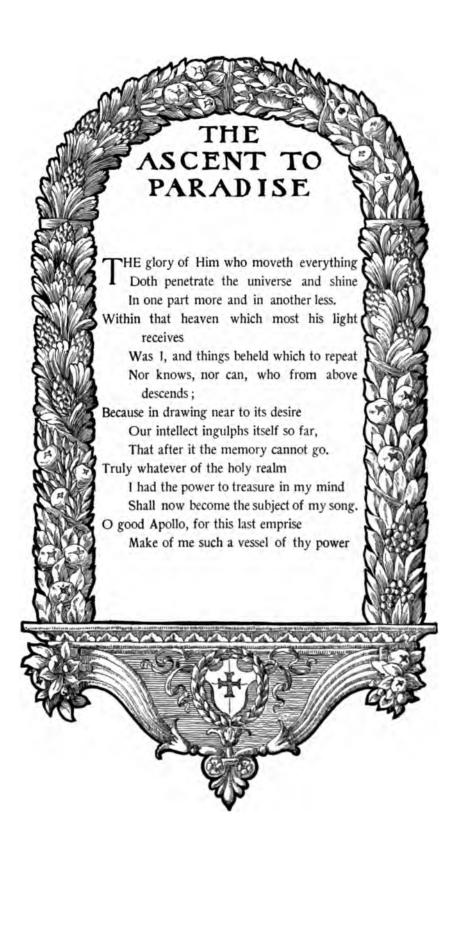
Although the veil that from her head descended,
Encircled with the foliage of Minerva,
Did not permit her to appear distinctly,
In attitude still royally majestic
Continued she, like unto one who speaks,
And keeps his warmest utterance in reserve:
"Look at me well; in sooth, I'm Beatrice!"



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As giving the beloved laurel asks!

O power divine, lend'st thou thyself to me
So that the shadow of the blessed realm
Stamped in my brain I can make manifest,

Thou 'It see me come unto thy darling tree,
And crown myself thereafter with those leaves
Of which the theme and thou shalt make me worthy.

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O ye, who in some pretty little boat, Eager to listen, have been following Behind my ship, that singing sails along, Turn back to look again upon your shores; Do not put out to sea, lest peradventure In losing me, you might yourselves be lost. The sea I sail has never yet been passed; Minerva breathes, and pilots me Apollo, And Muses nine point out to me the Bears. Ye other few who have the neck uplifted Betimes to th' bread of Angels upon which One liveth here and grows not sated by it, Well may you launch upon the deep salt-sea Your vessel, keeping still my wake before you Upon the water that grows smooth again.

It seemed to me a cloud encompassed us,

Luminous, dense, consolidate and bright
As adamant on which the sun is striking.

Into itself did the eternal pearl

Receive us, even as water doth receive
A ray of light, remaining still unbroken.



I was a virgin sister in the world;

And if thy mind doth contemplate me well,

The being more fair will not conceal me from thee.

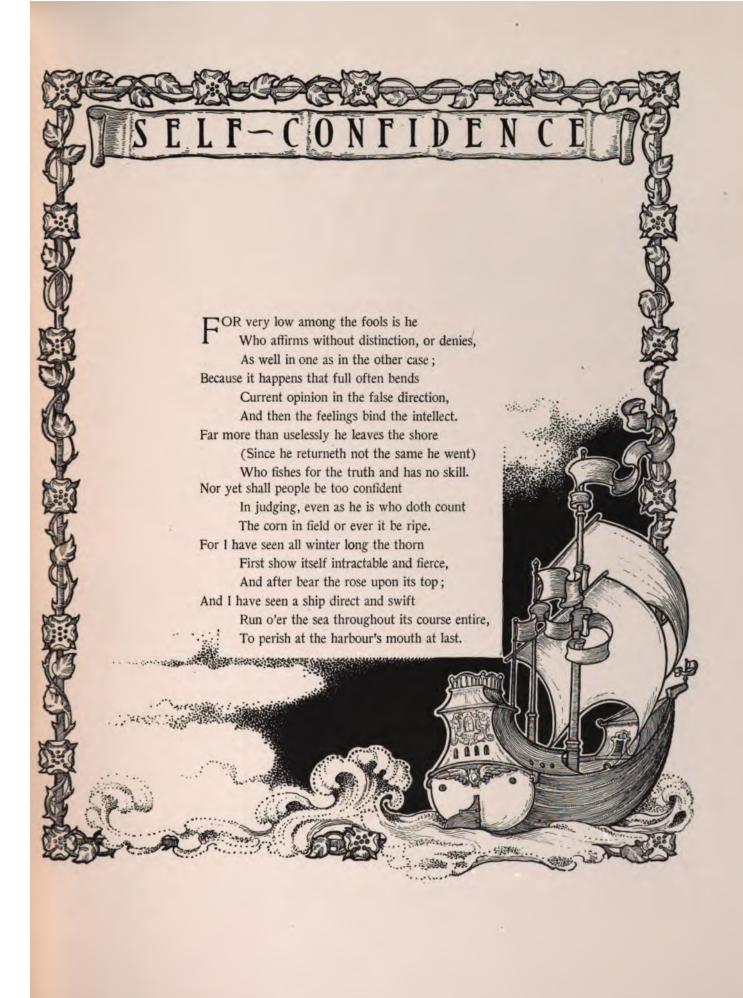
But thou shalt recognise I am Piccarda,

Who, stationed here among these other blessed,

Myself am blessed in the slowest sphere.

. Of perfect life and merit high in heaven There is a lady o'er us, by whose rule Down in your world they vest and veil themselves, That until death they may both watch and sleep Beside that Spouse who every vow accepts Which charity conformeth to his pleasure. To follow her, in girlhood from the world I fled and in her habit shut myself, And pledged me to the pathway of her sect. Then men accustomed to the evil more Than unto good, from the sweet cloister tore me; GOD knows what afterward my life became." Thus unto me she spake, and then began "Ave Maria" singing, and in singing Vanished, as through deep water something heavy.





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And in her lullaby the language used
That first delights the fathers and the mothers;
Another, drawing tresses from her distaff,
Told o'er among her family the tales
Of Trojans and of Fesole and Rome.
With all these families, and others with them,
Florence beheld I in so great repose
That no occasion had she whence to weep;

With all these families beheld so just

And glorious her people, that the lily

Never upon the spear was placed reversed,

Nor by division was vermilion made.



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OR saidst thou: "Born a man is on the shore Of Indus, and is none there who can speak Of Christ, nor who can read, nor who can write; And all his inclinations and his actions Are good, so far as human reason sees, Without a sin in life or in discourse: He dieth unbaptized and without faith; Where is this justice that condemneth him? Where is his fault, if he do not believe?" Now who art thou that on the bench wouldst sit In judgment at a thousand miles away, With the short vision of a single span? * * Unto this kingdom never Ascended one who had not faith in Christ, Before or since he to the tree was nailed. But look thou, many crying are, "Christ, Christ!" Who at the judgment shall be far less near

To Him than some shall be who knew not Christ.

Such Christians shall the Ethiop condemn,

When the two companies shall be divided,

The one forever rich, the other poor.

What to your kings may not the Persians say,

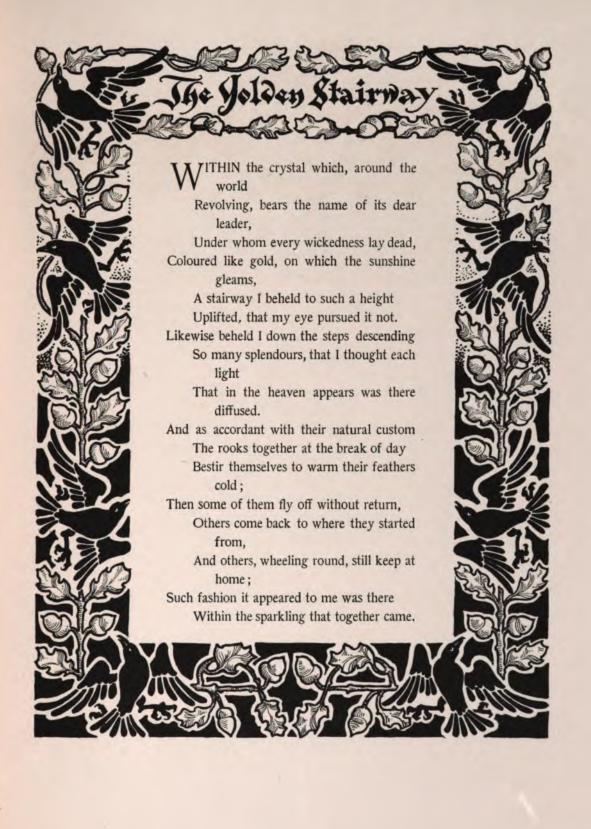
When they that volume opened shall behold

In which are written down all their dispraises?

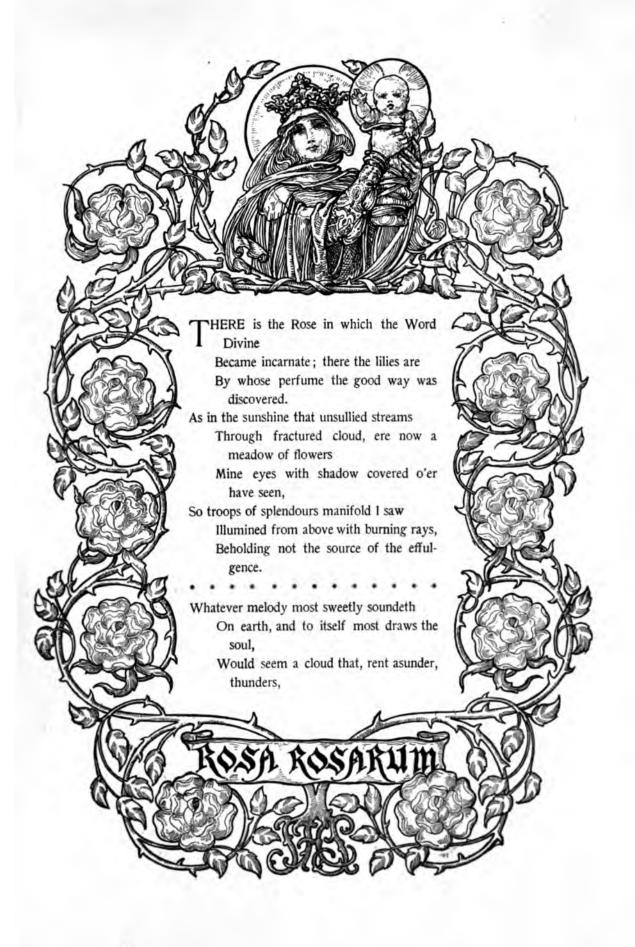


ND therefore, ere thou enter farther in, A Look down once more, and see how vast a world Thou hast already put beneath thy feet;" I with my sight returned through one and all The sevenfold spheres, and I beheld this globe Such that I smiled at its ignoble semblance; I saw the daughter of Latona shining Without that shadow, which to me was cause That once I had believed her rare and dense. The aspect of thy son, Hyperion, Here I sustained, and saw how move themselves Around and near him Maia and Dione. Thence there appeared the temperateness of Jove 'Twixt son and father, and to me was clear The change that of their whereabout they make; And all the seven made manifest to me How great they are, and eke how swift they are, And how they are in distant habitations. The threshing-floor that maketh us so proud, To me revolving with the eternal Twins,

Was all apparent made from hill to harbour!

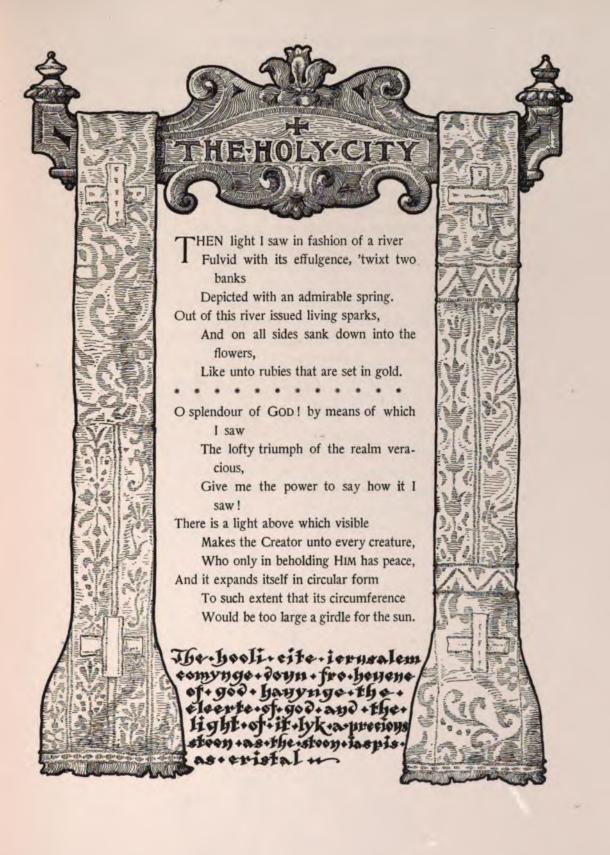


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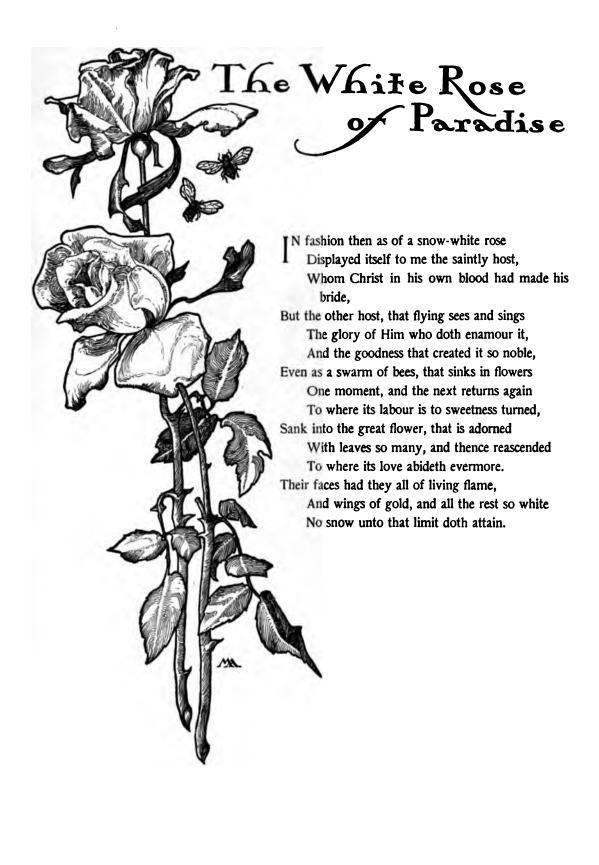
Compared unto the sounding of that lyre
Wherewith was crowned the Sapphire beautiful,
Which gives the clearest heaven its sapphire hue.
"I am Angelic Love, that circle round
The joy sublime which breathes from out the womb
That was the hostelry of our Desire;
And I shall circle, Lady of Heaven, while
Thou followest thy Son, and mak'st diviner
The sphere supreme, because thou enterest there."
Thus did the circulated melody
Seal itself up; and all the other lights
Were making to resound the name of Mary.





The semblance of it is all made of rays Reflected from the top of Primal Motion, Which takes therefrom vitality and power. And as a hill in water at its base Mirrors itself, as if to see its beauty When affluent most in verdure and in flowers, So ranged aloft all round about the light Mirrored I saw in more ranks than a thousand All who above there have from us returned. And if the lowest row collect within it So great a light, how vast the amplitude Is of this Rose in its extremest leaves! My vision in the vastness and the height Lost not itself, but comprehended all The quantity and quality of that gladness. There near and far nor add nor take away; For there where GOD immediately doth govern, The natural law in naught is relevant. Into the yellow of the Rose Eternal That spreads and multiplies and breathes an odour Of praise unto the ever-vernal Sun, As one who silent is and fain would speak, Me Beatrice drew on, and said, "Behold Of the white stoles how vast the convent is! Behold how vast the circuit of our City! Behold our seats so filled to overflowing, That here henceforward are few people wanting!"





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As there from Beatrice my sight; but this

Was nothing unto me; because her image

Descended not to me by medium blurred.

"O Lady, thou in whom my hope is strong,

And who for my salvation didst endure

In Hell to leave the imprint of thy feet,

Of whatsoever things I have beheld,

As coming from thy power and from thy goodness, I recognise the virtue and the grace.

Thou from a slave hast brought me unto freedom, By all those ways, by all the expedients, Whereby thou hadst the power of doing it.

Preserve towards me thy magnificence,

So that this soul of mine, which thou hast healed, Pleasing to thee be loosened from the body."

Thus I implored: and she, so far away,

Smiled, as it seemed, and looked once more at me;

Then unto the Eternal Fountain turned.

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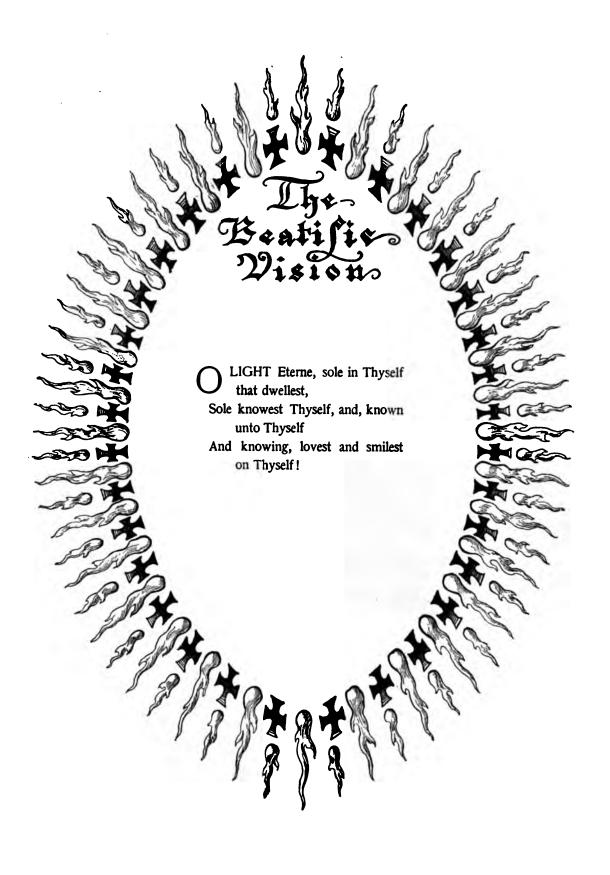


·AVE · MARIA·

"THOU Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son, Humble and high beyond all other creature, The limit fixed of the eternal counsel, Thou art the one who such nobility To human nature gave, that its Creator Did not disdain to make Himself its creature. Within thy womb rekindled was the love, By heat of which in the eternal peace After such wise this flower has germinated. Here unto us thou art a noonday torch Of charity, and below there among mortals Thou art the living fountain-head of hope. Lady, thou art so great and so prevailing, That he who wishes grace, nor runs to thee, His aspirations without wings would fly. Not only thy benignity gives succour To him who asketh it, but oftentimes Forerunneth of its own accord the asking. In thee compassion is, in thee is pity, In thee magnificence; in thee unites Whate'er of goodness is in any creature. Now doth this man, who from the lowest depth Of the universe as far as this has seen One after other the spiritual lives, Supplicate thee through grace for so much power That with his eyes he may uplift himself

Higher towards the uttermost salvation."

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